Northern Messenger

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DEAD HAND MINE

By Humphrey Morgan

For the Messenger.

TOM CHALLONER

"YOU know, I rather like that fellow, Stevenson," said Challoner as he and his chum, Dudley Smythe, spread their dinner on the board table under the pines.

The blue waters of Bonnet Lake lapped gently against the sandy beach a few yards from their tent. A little breeze from off-shore tempered the sultry, August sun.

"Have some fish," suggested Dud, turning out a sizzling panful into a tin dish and pushing his tow hair into wild disarray by way of wiping his fingers. "Did you arrive at your conclusion by processes of analysis or synthesis?"

Tom grinned at his lanky friend.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," he quoted; "the fall term is just around the corner and the prospect already seems to be having an unfortunate effect upon you, old man. But wait till I tell you——"

Challoner had dropped in on Dud at Thorgate only the day before and the two young men had promptly flown out to their favorite camping-place in the foothills to spend the week-end. Immediately after breakfast on this first morning they had had a visitor in the person of Bill Stevenson, the local fire-ranger and game-warden, whose station was only a mile away across the lake. Challoner had gone off with him on a lengthy tramp while Smythe fished leisurely and with considerable success.

* * *

"WE were about two miles beyond the range station," Tom went on, "in that thick timber skirting the Bonnet Creek marshes, when Stevenson grabbed my arm and pointed. There in the sun, half way across the big slough, was a fine buck, still as a statue, his head turned into the wind away from us. Even as we watched, the graceful beast sprang into the air, then crashed on his side, thrashed a moment and was still.

"'Shot, by all that's faithful!' growled Bill.

"I mentioned that there'd been no report.

"'It may have been a .22,' said Bill. 'At this distance we'd hardly hear. Once in a while you can bring down moderately big game with a light rifle by good shooting.'

"We waited and sure enough, about fifteen minutes later a man sneaked out of the woods on the far side. When he had reached his victim, Stevenson motioned me to stay where I was and strode forward. Of course I couldn't hear what went on between them, although I could see the man gesturing vehemently. Bill couldn't have liked what was said, for suddenly he knocked the other fellow down with great thoroughness, picked up his rifle and walked off.

"'Did he try to pull a revolver on you?' I asked a bit later.

"'Naw!' grumbled Bill in disgust. 'He tried to buy me off—the rat! Wait till the judge hears about that!'

"And that, my dear Dudley, is why I like our friend Stevenson."

"What sort of chap was this poacher?" enquired Smythe, sugaring his tea liberally. "Could you tell?"

* * *

"NOT very well," Challoner acknowledged, "but he was a blocky man with an exaggerated stoop—almost a hump, you might say, and a very red face."

"There was a fellow like that in Bink's radio shop yesterday morning," said Smythe thoughtfully. "He drove an unusually big, fast car—lots of width between the wheels, you know—all bottom, no top. There were two others with him. It was a strange outfit to me."

The day was so hot that the two friends, having made things ship-shape after dinner, decided to spend the afternoon in the shade. Challoner, as usual, had a weighty tome on some technical subject while Smythe busied himself overhauling a second-hand receiving set for Binks of the radio shop.

For two hours Dud worked busily, his long fingers as skilful as those of a watch-maker, while Challoner turned pages steadily, despite an occasional sortie of black ants across his broad, brown chest. At length the quiet was shattered by a series of squawks as Dud hooked up to a makeshift aerial and twirled the dial rapidly.

"GRK—Blah—Cj—Eeeek"— "CKCK, Regina," announced a quiet voice. "Repeating bulletin 458, issued by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.—Three men wanted for robbery with violence—James Cronin, alias Burke, aged thirty-three years, height five feet six inches, fair, blue eyes, wearing brown suit and brown felt hat. Joseph Martinuik, aged fifty, five feet eight inches, dark, olive-skinned, scar on left cheek, wearing gray sweater and gray flannel trousers. Harry Semple, or Temple, age about forty, florid complexion, thick-set, of medium height, wearing dark suit and cap, has a shoulder deformity that is almost a hump—"

"What?" Challoner's book dropped

from his hands as he jerked himself up. The prairie station faded into oblivion even as Dud made frantic attempts to recover it.

"Never mind that now," ordered Challoner, his dark eyes snapping; "let's get going!"

"Where to—Thorgate?" asked Dud, taking down his precious apparatus with swift hands and packing it away with scientific precision.

"Not just now at any rate. We'll paddle over to the ranger's and telephone Corporal Macdonald. Come on, there isn't a minute to lose."

Five minutes later a light canoe was cutting through the water under the full power of two pairs of muscular arms. As they neared the further shore Stevenson came hurrying down to meet them.

"What's up?" he cried when within hailing distance.

"Your phone—" shouted Tom—"I must get Thorgate!"

He was out of the canoe and up the hill to the station almost before Smythe could tell the ranger what had occurred. Once inside the sturdy log cabin with its stone fireplace and pine floor, Tom paused for breath, then put through his call to Macdonald of the R.C.M.P.

Macdonald listened with keen interest as Tom told his story then gave a short laugh.

* * *

"I THINK you fellows had better join the Force!" he said. "You have a nose for trouble. Listen, Challoner—is that little plane of yours in condition for several hours' flying? It is, eh! Then take Stevenson with you and locate that racing car if you can. When you do—use your brains! We'll be right along. Leave Smythe at the range station. Get me?"

Half an hour later Challoner's little biplane rose from the meadow behind the camp like a silver bird, circled slowly over the lake, then vanished into the hills. At the controls Challoner sat like a man of bronze, his jaw rigid against his helmet strap. In the forward cockpit Stevenson's eyes were glued to his field-glasses as he watched the magnificent panorama below.

All was quiet in the shimmering heat; not an auto nor a wagon moved on the occasional roads and trails that wound deep into the wilderness; nothing stirred along the Bonnet Creek marshes, nor on the forested slopes of Buck Mountain. The Mosquito wheeled hawk-like against the blue sky, circling here, then there, over places of possible concealment.

"What's that ugly gash on those hills to the north?" called Challoner.

Stevenson's voice rattled in the speaking-tube.

"That's the Dead Hand Mine. They say it's to be worked again.—An old silver lode.—Let's get lower."

Dangerously near the tree-tops they flew, down over the ghostly ruins of once busy workings.

"Nothing here," shouted Stevenson as they zoomed upward again, "but there's another abandoned digging to the west; we'll try it."

"No need," said Challoner grimly. "Our men are right down there——"

Stevenson's head jerked round in astonishment and his jaw dropped as he saw blood trickling down the side of his companion's face.

"Someone tried to snipe your pilot about two minutes ago," explained the latter with a sardonic grin. "They nearly succeeded! Hang on—we meet a cross wind on the turn—"

The plane rocked dangerously for a moment then steadied; the shoulder of a mountain blotted out the Dead Hand Mine and as it vanished, Tom Challoner headed for Bonnet Lake.

* * *

DARKNESS fell early that evening with an overcast sky and the roll of thunder in the west. Before the light had quite vanished, a party of men got out of an automobile on the old wagon road a mile below the silver mine, pushed it into a thicket a few rods off the trail, then pressed upward through the underbrush at a cautious pace. Each was armed, Stevenson leading the way followed by Corporal Macdonald, Smythe, Challoner, and finally Constable Jackson.

On the steep hillside above the entrance to the horizontal tunnel that formed the first few hundred feet of the mine, the men scattered, each seeking cover behind rocks or trees from which he could overlook the dilapidated sheds, some of which hugged the scarred mountain-face itself.

Lurid lightning flashed momentarily showing every rusty iron and rotten board.

"A wild goose chase!" muttered Constable Jackson as an hour dragged by with occasional flurries of rain.

"Then I must have dreamed this nick in my cheek!" whispered Challoner from nearby.

A few rods away Stevenson and the Corporal talked in scarcely audible tones.

"I feel sure they'll make a break tonight," said the former; "after seeing the plane today they'll be jittery. For all they know, the man they robbed in Regina may be dead."

"Those car-tracks back on the trail mean that someone is here," answered the ranger. "If they want to leave they'll have to get out before a downpour hits these roads. My word! What's that?"

From further down the slope to their right came a terrific yell followed by the sound of a shot, of splintering wood and then more shots. The whole hill came to life as the now almost constant lightning illuminated the scene.

The door of one of the rickety buildings beneath them was flung open and two powerful beams of light swung out into the night; there was a wicked spatter of lead from the rifles of the posse as a car leaped forward, only to lurch wildly and slide to a stop as its occupants flung themselves out, scattered and fled toward the forest a hundred yards away.

"Shoot low!" Macdonald warned, then in a stentorian voice he called, "Surrender or we'll blow you to bits! This is Macdonald of the Royal Mounted!"

Still they ran and a third volley wakened the echoes. The hunchback went down, mumbling and grabbing at his leg, while the other two turned back slowly into the light of the one remaining headlamp, hands above their heads, sullen and dejected.

In a moment they were all handcuffed and first-aid was being applied to their injuries.

* * *

"THAT was some stunt of yours, smashing in through the roof and scaring us out," said the man with the scarred cheek in reluctant admiration. "You sure caught us unawares; we weren't expecting trouble just then."

"The roof!" echoed Corporal Macdonald in perplexity.

"I expect that was my fault," confessed Dud, tenderly feeling a great lump on his forehead. "I tripped over a root in the dark, rolled down the incline, my rifle going off on the way, broke through the roof of that old shed that's built over the mine entrance, tumbled right into the middle of a family party and generally made an awful mess of things. I feel like an idiot!"

"You're lucky to be alive to feel at all!" said Stevenson.

"Well," yawned Challoner just before dawn as they dropped wearily into bed at the range station, "if you hadn't played Jack and Jill in the dark tonight we might still be sitting in the rain back there at Dead Hand Mine."

"If you," retorted Dud, "hadn't offered yourself as a target to the nervous trigger finger of our friend the hunchback, we might never have found the men in the first place. I consider that we've been quite useful, on the whole, but hardly brilliant!"

A Londoner was paying his annual visit to the country village where he was born. Meeting the oldest inhabitant, aged about 90, the visitor rather tactlessly remarked:

"But you are getting older, Mr. Perkins!"

"It's glad I am of that, sir," was the reply, "else I shouldn't be here."

Danger is His Daily Fare

THERE is nothing extraordinary about his appearance, nothing to make you wonder who he is or what he does for a living. He might be a seaman or one of the countless artisans who toil with their hands in dockland or the heavy industries. He is inclined to be short, with a good breadth of chest, sound as a bell in wind and limb, although his movements seem rather leisurely.

How the Diver Works

Perhaps those leisurely movements come from his experiences in another world, for working under water is rather different from working in the fields, and you cannot expect a man carrying a heavy load to move as quickly as a man without a load. We are apt to forget that the diver works under strong pressures and that he therefore carries invisible loads of many tons unknown to other workers.

He wanders into a wooden office.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"The hopper dropped her anchor last night and they want you to recover it," is the reply.

The diver laughs. "Clumsy beggars," he remarks. "Where is she?"

The Diver's Suit

GATHERING the information, he wanders off to let his attendant dress him in the regulation woollens before he struggles into the waterproof suit.

Once he has settled his legs he skilfully scoops a little soft soap from a tin and smears it over his knuckles and the backs of his hands before putting his arms in the sleeves.

The attendant forces the tight rubber cuffs of the dress open while the diver pushes until his hands slip through.

"Better have a couple of wristbands," he remarks.

The wrists of the dress are the only apertures through which water might penetrate, hence the reason they fit so tightly and the added precaution of strong rubber wristbands to make them secure beyond all doubt.

The strong metal corselet is fitted.

"Where's my cap?" asks the diver. The attendant hands him a red woollen cap, which gives him a piratical appearance as he pulls it well down on his head. He holds up his feet for the attendant to put on some slippers, for he has to walk some distance to the diving boat to don his helmet and boots and weights.

Once in the diving boat he kicks the slippers off and lets the attendant strap his feet in the giant boots with their lead soles; the helmet is clicked home and locked on the ring of his breastplate. He stands on the ladder while they lash two 40-lb. weights to breast and back; the men at the double-handed air pump begin to turn; and at the all-clear signal from his attendant he steps down the ladder, catches the shot-rope with his leg, and slides down it about 40 feet to the bottom.

All in His Day's Work

WITHOUT a qualm he lets himself sink down in the five or six feet of soft mud in which the anchor hides and begins to search. He is submerged in horrible slime.

Does the diver worry? Not a bit. It is all in his day's work. Suddenly he slips into a little hole and his foot strikes something solid.

"Send down a line," he says. His job is done.

Not very romantic, but risky all the time. His sole link with life is a little rubber tube through which air is pumped. His safety depends on the men in the boat who supply him with air and look after his lines. If they failed him he might die a painful death, but his faith in them is absolute.

Today and Tomorrow

TODAY he is fumbling in the mud for a lost anchor, tomorrow he may be wandering round the bottom of a ship to see what damage she has sustained in a collision; the day after that he may discover that the tide is scouring a hole under the lower stones of the harbor wall. He then measures up the length and depth and breadth of the hole to gain a rough idea of the amount of concrete required to fill it in, and rises easily up the shot-rope to report.

When he tackles the task they lower the concrete ready mixed in sacks, and he manipulates them into the hole until they are lying just as he wishes, when he may slit them with a knife and spread the concrete, or just stamp down the sacks with his leaden soles and leave them intact to become as hard as stone. His next occupation may be scraping the bottom of a ship that has been at sea a long time and got very foul.

He may spend his working days for a year or two building a harbor, setting the giant stones largely by touch; he may spend many a spell in the bed of a river repairing the buttresses of a bridge, making his fingers serve him as eyes in the muddy water and still doing perfect work. As the tides run strongly he is obliged to dive and work at slack water.

Sunken Treasure

NEXT week he may be called to a ship partly submerged in some sandy bay and have to patch her up to get her into dock; once or twice in his working life he may get the chance to dive for sunken treasure. The thought of handling ingots of gleaming gold is full of romance; but to the diver hanging on the shot-rope and being swayed by the currents it is hard and risky work.

Scientists have carried out countless experiments for him, brave men have sacrificed their lives to make his work safer for him, but if the primary rules laid down by science be broken, or if some little hitch occurs under water, his own life may be forfeit.—Children's Newspaper.

Courage

"SOME of us have at times longed for an opportunity to show ourselves as we really are. We have felt that, given the occasion, we could show our mettle. The hour has come.

"We can show ourselves to be what we have always believed ourselves to be. We can show ourselves to be patient, good humored, faithful in things both little and great, courageous and enduring. We can face life with an unconquerable determination. Now is the time.

"We will not take ourselves too seriously or too lightly. We shall help more by practice than by precept.

"We can carry about with us the infection of good courage, and courage is just as infectious as fear. We can make ourselves veritable fortresses of strength to those whose hearts may be afraid."
—From a British source.

Doesn't Matter

The young couple were gazing into each other's eyes and sighing soulfully.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Jock.

"Ye ken, Maggie, lass," he murmured, "I'm no' much tae look at."

"Aye," agreed Maggie, "but ye'll be oot at work most o' the day."

THE PORRIDGE POT

THE battle of Culloden had ended in utter defeat, and Prince Charlie was a fugitive.

Soldiers hunted the hills and searched dwellings for men or hidden firearms. There came one day to the little croft of the Macdonnells, at the head of the glen, a young officer and five men. Ian and Mary were alone, their mother was working in the field.

Lieutenant Page looked round the poor little place and at the two children, dumb with fear. "Where is your father?" he asked sharply.

"We think he was killed," said Mary slowly, in the English she had learned from the minister.

"You think?" ejaculated Page. Then his eyes rested on the press bed completely filling a recess. At its foot was a wide niche in the wall which appeared to be stuffed with hay.

It flashed into his mind that something might be hid there. He stepped forward and snatched away the hay, then, jerking up his coat sleeve to give his arm greater freedom, he thrust his hand into the space, only to withdraw it instantly with a violent exclamation of pain and anger.

Hand and arm had plunged straight into a cauldron of boiling porridge.

* * *

MARY MACDONNELL sprang forward in dismay, and a moment later was wiping off the scalding stuff with an air of motherly concern. She cried out something in Gaelic to her brother, and when he made no response repeated her words sharply.

Then he moved slowly to a cupboard and brought out a meal barrel and some fat.

Mary deftly covered the scalded limb, then dived under the press bed and brought out an old garment. Tearing off strips she bound up the man's arm.

"Indeed, sir, we are very sorry," she said. "My mother put the porridge there to keep it hot."

Lieutenant Page looked at the little girl and his stern face relaxed. A sharp order to his soldiers and they wheeled around and left the cottage. "Thank you, my little maid," said he, laying his bandaged hand on her flaxen hair. Then he turned and marched after his men.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Macdonnell, white-faced, rushed into the cottage. She saw the empty niche, the spilt porridge, and her hand flew to her throat.

"The soldiers! They have been here?" she gasped.

Ian, no longer dumb, explained what had happened.

Mrs. Macdonnell sank into the rocking-chair, and in a hoarse whisper she said, "Your father—he came last night —wounded."

"Where is father?" asked Ian. "He could not get in there," pointing to the niche.

Mrs. Macdonnell smiled faintly. "He lies hid in the rafters. Had they searched they would have found him." —Children's Newspaper.

Who Was Phidias?

Born Athens about 490 B.C.
Died there about 430 B.C.

THE greatest sculptor of antiquity had the good fortune to live when Pericles was bedecking Athens with beauty, and to receive commissions to execute the chief statues and to supervise all the similar work of the capital.

He constructed the Propylaea and the Parthenon, and adorned them with stupendous figures, acclaimed by antiquity as the most impressive and beautiful ever produced by man. The glorious Elgin marbles, fragmentary remains of the Parthenon frieze, remain as some evidence of his masterly work.

The enemies of Pericles, afraid openly to attack him, assailed him through his nearest friends, of whom Phidias was one. They charged him with appropriating gold intended for his wonderful statue of Zeus.

He was able to prove his innocence of this, so they charged him with impiety, he having introduced a portrait of himself into the statue of the goddess Athena among the figures on her shield. He is supposed to have died while in prison on this second charge.

How Ants Kill a Snake

THAT ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is strong evidence, however, that they do, for the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red-brown forest ant is the sort that is the most fatal to snakes, and a curious thing about the attack of these tiny creatures on this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food, and not on account of any natural antipathy.

When some of the ants catch sight of a snake, they arouse the whole community at once. In companies and battalions the little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippers into its body and eyes at a thousand points at once. So rapidly is this done that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It soon becomes exhausted and dies ignominiously. (See top of Col. 3.)

Then the ants set harder at work. They begin to tear off the skin in small pieces, gradually stripping off the skin and working inside it. Not until the have carried away everything except the bone and skin itself do they cease their attack.—Great Thoughts.

Smart Dog

A DOG belonged to a cottage which was let furnished, and when an old lady took the cottage for the summer she had to take charge of the dog as well. In the sitting-room there was a very comfortable armchair, which the old lady liked better than any other in the house, and for which she always made.

Unhappily, she nearly always found it occupied by the dog, and being a little afraid of it she never told it to get out, but instead would go to the window and call "Cats!" Then the dog would rush to the window, and the crafty old lady would slip into the vacant chair.

One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair, and at once strolled over to the window and, looking out, appeared to be very much excited, barking with extraordinary vigor.

The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was taking place outside, and the second after her departure the dog had quickly climbed into the chair!

Swift Swallows

WHEN you watch the swallow in the sky, would you imagine that it could fly as fast as an aeroplane? Some Turin scientists determined to test its speed recently, and arrived at some remarkable results. First, they took a mother from her nest and carried her carefully by car to a spot seventy-nine miles away in a direct line.

Meanwhile other scientists waited by the nest. Each party carried watches, all set to exactly the same time. The bird was released at an appointed time, and arrived at the nest again exactly 43½ minutes later—a speed of 108½ miles an hour!

Swallows are said to take their winter sleep in large masses, all holding on to one another by their claws and beaks. It is recorded that a mass was once fished out of the sea, apparently dead, but that when they had had time to dry and get warm, they flew away, apparently unharmed.—Sel.

Grammar was the lesson in progress.

"I have went," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, is that correct?"

"No, Teacher," replied Johnny. "You ain't went yet."

"THE STATE EXISTS FOR MAN"

"A Homeland where life and human personality were held sacred, where tyranny and slavery could be but a far-off memory; where the State existed for man and not man for the State."—Premier King in his recent address to Canadians.

DOUBTLESS most of our readers heard Premier Mackenzie King's Labor Day address over the radio or have read it in the papers. But Mr. King said so many important things and said them so well that we quote some of his paragraphs.

Mr. King spoke of the position of Canada in international affairs and referred to the contribution of both French and English to the upbuilding of our country.

"Upon these ancestral foundations the men and women of British and French stock built their new home. As the years passed the adventurous and the oppressed from other countries of Europe came amongst us, seeking a new homeland where life and human personality were held sacred, where tyranny and slavery could be nothing but a far-off memory; where the State existed for man, and not man for the State.

"The frontiers of Freedom, like the frontiers of settlement, have steadily widened. They too have had their forts which consolidated the victories of the past and protected the onward march of the future. We have cause for gratitude for the freedom recorded in our romantic history.

"We can be glad this day for the protection which geography has given us. We have grown up in a land separated by the Atlantic on one side and the Pacific on the other, from the threat of invasion.

"The British Navy on the one side, and for the past hundred years, the Navy of the United States on the other, have given to our young, rising national life a further sense of safety.

"Time and space have worked for Canada. To the inheritance of free political institutions, assured and safeguarded by historical association and geographical position, democracy on this North American continent owes its existence today."

MR. KING referred to the pact for mutual defence between Canada and the United States. "Reciprocity in defence involves reciprocal duties as well as reciprocal advantages. Canada gladly accepts both."

"Freedom from the fear of invasion in America, however, is not enough. Unless Nazism in Europe is destroyed, the threat of world domination by the totalitarian forces will never cease for an hour. Under such conditions, the standards of living here would increasingly become those of the totalitarian states.

"Democracy and its institutions would disappear entirely. Unless the enemy is destroyed and the enslaved countries of Europe restored to freedom, there will be no possible way of maintaining Canadian standards. The markets in which the workmen and the producers of the North American continent have sold their goods would certainly disappear. Overseas, we would be forced to compete with people who know no standard, and with states that will sacrifice every known standard. We in North America will be increasingly subjected to competition from regimented countries.

"As a last, impelling alternative, we shall be driven to become inscribed in the regimentation of the state, the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the new economic masters of the world.

"To labor, these facts have spoken and will speak with emphasis and effect. Labor knows the struggle between dictatorship and democracy. Labor knows what it will lose in the defeat of democracy. It understands the difference between rule by force by those who seek monopoly of power, and government in the interests of the common good. It knows the difference between government by those who seek privilege, position and power, and by those who believe in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

WHO ARE WE?

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Notice to Correspondents

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

September 13, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth.—Ps. 124:8

Mon. : Put not your trust in princes.—Ps. 146:3

Tue. : For the Lord is a great God and a great King above all gods.—Ps. 95:3

Wed. : Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.—Prov. 3:3

Thu. : I will sing of mercy and judgment. Ps. 101:1

Fri. : The Lord hath made known His salvation.—Ps. 98:2

Sat. : My covenant will I not break.—Ps. 89:34

Hold fast to the eternal verities.

Peace of heart, peace of home, peace in the nation will work for peace in the whole world.

To him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favorable.—Archbishop Leighton.

How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had the seed-time of character?—Thoreau.

A Story for These Times

"THERE is in the Old Testament a story to which I often turn, for it is one of those allegories that are of enduring value," said Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, in a recent sermon.

"A host, we are told, compassed the city with horses and chariots. His servant said to Elisha: Alas! my master, how shall we do? And he replied: Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

"In answer to Elisha's prayer, the Lord opened the eyes of the young man: and, behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. Man's spiritual values are defended as by chariots of fire."

"I would that we today might pray together with such effect that the Lord would open the eyes of our people, to see God's forces marshalled to protect those things of His that are external. But let us be careful not to exaggerate.

"The apostle who wrote: 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' was destined to die a martyr's death, and the people to whom he wrote were, many of them, sufferers in Nero's persecution. Yet who shall say, when the final accounts were balanced, that even for Paul and his Roman converts all things had not worked together for good?

"So, notwithstanding the earnestness of our prayers, the loftiness of our respective aims or the generosity of our motives, we ourselves now gathered here may be sorely tried.

"But our trials shall not be in vain if we refrain from anger and hatred and selfishness."

Ourselves

"The real trouble with the world today," said Sir Walter Moberly in a broadcast in England, "is not the villains. It is the pitiful inadequacy of well-meaning persons to do a man's work in the world. If we are to play our part in setting the world right, we must begin with ourselves."

KNOCKING

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.

"Behold Him standing at the door,
And hear Him pleading o'er and o'er,
With gentle voice, 'O heart of sin,
May I come in?—may I come in?'"

Great Benefactors

There are times when we can do nothing for those we love except pray for them, but if we are living near to God we are doing more in that way than we could otherwise. Some of the world's greatest benefactors the world never hears of. They are souls that are mighty with God and therefore are channels of His healing and saving power to the crushed and broken in heart and mind.—R. J. Campbell.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor of light.—Romans.

Conditions

IT seems that many people think of prayer as if it were like an automatic machine, into which we insert our petitions, like pennies in the slot, and then when we do not receive what we have asked for, we complain and say it is no use because the machine does not work.

Prayer has a condition and that is the doing of God's will.—F. B. Macnutt, M.A.

Teach Us To Pray

TEACH us to pray; too oft our busy speech
Serves but to cloud the thoughts we would convey,
Our words, alone are impotent to breach
The silence that confronts us when we pray.
When from our crowded life we turn apart
To wait Thy coming in the quiet hour,
Behind, are deeper needs we cannot frame,
Nor with our lips express; one Voice, alone,
One blest indwelling Spirit these may name
And lay them bare at the Eternal Throne.
Most Gracious Advocate, Thine Aid we claim,
We, too, are spirit—make our cause Thine own!

—W. J. B.

Young People's Bible Reading

The Path of Duty

For Sunday
Sept. 22, 1940.
Proverbs
4:10-27.

By BEREAN

SOME time ago we spoke of the Wise Men among the Jewish teachers, the men of acute observation who "gave counsel."

The Wisdom Literature of the Jews includes Proverbs, Job and Ecclesiastes as well as the Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha.

Much of our Lord's teaching, especially in St. Matthew is in "Wisdom" form. The Epistle of St. James has been called a "Wisdom Epistle."

Sometimes the "Wise Men" were scientists. It is said of Solomon that "he spake of trees . . . he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things and of fishes." (1 Kings 4:32)

But the great subject of the Wise Men's observation is conduct and the great subject of their teaching is "the art of living well." Or to put it simply, "Doing one's Duty."

We see this especially in "Proverbs" and "Ecclesiasticus." These are early "Wisdom" Books. Their outlook is simple and straightforward. The Wisdom with which they deal is what Ian Maclaren calls "the virtues of ordinary people."

"It is the sane and prudent ordering of daily life. . . . It guards against stumbling blocks, pitfalls and by-paths. . . . The fear of the Lord is its beginning. God's law, revealed in Scripture or experience, or imparted by meditative and observant men is never forgotten. . . .

"Honesty, industry, chastity, considerateness for all, helpfulness towards the distressed; humanity, reverence, and trust toward God are urged unweariedly." (Dummelow)

Three Poems

THE fourth chapter of our Book of Proverbs consists of three short poems in praise of this "Wisdom." Let us glance at them. In the first (vv. 1-9) the Wise Man calls young people round him and tells how when he was a boy his father had taught him.

The Jews placed great value on such teaching handed down from generation to generation. "The best pupil was the one who was 'a cemented cistern which loses not a drop'." (Dummelow)

God is always "causing new light to break forth from His word." But the essentials of "the art of living well" have been proved through the centuries and do not alter.

The "new commandment" of love to God and to men is the "old commandment which we have heard from the beginning." (1 John 2:7) Our fathers and mothers learned the art of living well from their parents. We make no mistake when in the great fundamental things of life we follow their teachings.

From vv. 10-19 we have "The Song of the Two Paths." The Wise Man is still speaking to the Youth.

"The years of thy life shall be many." —This is usually literally true. Think of the old people whom you know. Most of them who have kept their health and strength down to old age have done so because when they were boys and girls they learned "the art of living well."

But we have known others who have "lived well" and their years have not "been many," or they have struggled for years under a handicap of sickness, pain, weakness and poverty. Is the Wise Man mistaken then?

No. He is more right than he probably realized himself. He was thinking of the present life and speaking in a general way.

But *"we know"* as the New Testament writers say so often, that God is with us whatever betide and that this life is but the forecourt of a life in which "the art of living well" is carried on into eternity.

Right paths.—Paths of uprightness. Isn't that fine? Paths where we can hold our heads high and look the whole world in the face and not be afraid.

"Two Paths"

THY steps shall not be straitened.— in one sense the right way is "strait and narrow." (Matt. 7:13, 14) But when one sets out to tread it he finds that God has "set his feet in a large room." (Psa. 31:8)

The Psalmist says in another place (119:32) "I will run the way of Thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart."

It is important that we should remember that the "King's Highway" is not a way of restriction but of enlargement, or it is restriction which leads to "perfect freedom."

Tennyson sings of Duty,

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

When we started to learn to read we found it hard. But what a "large room" we live in now that we have learned. Some people find it difficult to learn to swim. But when we have learned, what freedom we have in the water. Everything we learn gives us a bigger world and enables us better to walk with steps that "are not straitened."

(Please turn to Page 8.)

The battle of life extends over a vast area, and it is vain for us to inquire about the other wings of the army; it is enough that we have received our orders, and that we have held the few feet.. of.. ground.. committed.. to our charge.

There let us fight and there let us die, and so fighting and dying in the place of duty . . . we must be justified.

Brilliant qualities may never be ours, but the homely virtues are within our reach, and character is built up not out of great intellectual gifts and splendid public achievements, but out of honesty, industry, thrift, kindness, courtesy and gratitude, resting on faith in God and love towards men. And the inheritance of the soul which ranks highest and lasts forever is character.
—John Watson, D.D. (Ian Maclaren)

Memory Verse

For out of it are the issues of life.
Keep thy heart with all diligence;
—Proverbs 4:23.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Prov. 4:1-9
Tue.—Prov. 4:10-19
Wed.—Prov. 4:20-27
Thu.—I Kings 3:5-14
Fri.—Job 28:20-28
Sat.—James 3:13-18
Sun.—James 1:2-11

Why They Gamble

IT isn't the prize, some told me; it's the thrill and excitement of the gamble. The thrill. Well, each to his taste. To me it's like the thrill of waiting to have a tooth out, or waiting till the next spasm comes on. But I seem to be an oddity in that. Most people seem to love it.

Life's so dull, they say; you must have excitement. Is life so dull? It seems to me chock full of excitement; or full of things to get excited about. And things that lead somewhere.

Once in a while I wander into a continental casino. For deathly gloom the casino has every other place on earth beaten to a frazzle. It isn't so much the voice of the gentleman who presides. It isn't so much the woe-begone faces of the gentlemen with the rakes. It's the people at the tables.

Perhaps they are not really unhappy. Perhaps they only look it. But have people any right to look like that? I fancy it's the complete futility of what they're doing. Nothing's so deadening as futility. Set a man digging a hole and filling it up again and he'll go melancholy mad. So will anyone who goes on playing a game you can never get the least bit better at—like roulette or boule. That's why the faces of the players look like so many half-dried haddock. That's my explanation, anyway.—John Hilton in St. Martin's Review.

IS it not selfish to follow the pursuit of happiness? Should we not be so absorbed in the service of other people that the question of our own happiness would be a matter of indifference? . . . Your own happiness and that of your fellows is inextricably bound up to-gether.

To be properly happy yourself is immediately to become a good advertisment for the Kingdom of God on earth. When you have learned to "enjoy" God in Himself and in all His works you will have a well-filled treasury out of which you can joyously share your wealth with the world. It was because Henry Drummond was a happy soul (not the reverse) that he could exclaim: "Happiness is not found in having nor in getting but only in giving."—John Gayner Banks in 'Sharing'.

Alcohol is a poison—so is strychnine; so is arsenic; so is opium. It ranks with these agents. Health is always in some way or other injured by it.—The late Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., Physician to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.—Bacon.

Thou Art My Strength

Hold Thou me up whene'er the way is hidden,
And clouds hang darkly in the sky above;
When wild misgivings come to me unbidden,
O Father! Hold me closely in Thy love.

Hold Thou me up against each new temptation,
Lest I should fall beneath its subtle pow'r.
Thou Who art ever near, be my salvation ,
My rock, my fortress, in the trying hour.

Hold Thou me up when my weak heart is failing,
Before the troubles of the way I take;
Make me to feel that Thou art all-prevailing,
O Father! Succor me for Jesus' sake.

—Sel.

PATH OF DUTY

(Continued from Page 7.)

When thou runnest.—The Psalmist says of the good man, "The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide." (Psa. 37:31) We have to make quick decisions sometimes. "The art of living well" enables us to make these decisions so that "when we run we won't stumble."

Of the path of the wicked the Wise Man says,

Avoid it,
Pass not by it;
Turn from it,
And pass on.

Don't try how near you can sail to the rocks. Give them a wide berth. Keep out in the open sea, so again "Your steps shall not be straitened." (Compare Psa. 1:1)

They sleep not.—The Wise Man primarily had in mind "rapacious officials whose appetite grew from what it fed on." (Dummelow)

The young man was to keep clear of these grafters and their methods even though they promised him easy money. Their way led to darkness and to stumbling over they knew not what. This is the sad experience of dishonesty in all ages.

But the Path of the Just is as the light of dawn,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Wisdom and Health

LASTLY in this chapter (vv. 20-27) we have a little poem in which the Wise Man speaks of "Wisdom" as the way of health for body, mind and spirit,

Keep thy Heart above all that thou guardest,
For out of it are the issues of life.
(Modern Reader's Bible)

This is true of our physical well-being. The heart is the centre of life. If it is diseased our whole body suffers. So on the moral plane. The heart (the inner life) must be sound if we are to live well. (1 Sam. 16:7; Matt. 15:19)

Then about our speech—
Put away from thee a froward mouth,
And perverse lips put far from thee.

And then about our eyes—
Let thine Eyes look right on,
And let thine eyelids look straight before thee.

You can't do an ordinary job well if you allow your mind to wander. See what St. Paul says. (Phil. 3:13, 14)

You can't plough a straight furrow if you keep looking over your shoulder. (Luke 9:62)

Our orders are "Eyes Front! Forward!"

Then we are told the way we should walk—
Make level the path of thy Feet,
And let thy ways be established
Turn not to the right hand nor to the left;
Remove thy foot from evil.

The Wise Man's ideal is a fine manly, practical one. The "art of living well", the Way of Wisdom, is the way of true success.

Questions

1. **What did the Jewish teachers mean by "Wisdom"?**
2. **Who is speaking in this chapter? To whom is he speaking?**
3. **What had his father taught him?**
4. **——is the principal thing . . .**
   With all thy getting get ——
   Fill in the blanks.
5. **Thy steps shall not be straitened. What does this mean?**
6. **What does the wise man say about how to treat the Path of the Wicked?**
7. **The Path of the Just.—Complete the verse.**
8. **Keep thy heart.—Complete the verse.**

Brigadier-General Forsyth, of the Australian Forces during the Great World War, closed all bars and licensed houses within 17 miles of Fremantle while the transports carrying soldiers to the front were in that port.

HERO OF CALAIS

A little-known historical incident during the seige of Calais, France, in 1347.

By Harold E. Christie

For the Messenger

LOUIS DE CHATILLON was entertaining a few of his friends. He was sixteen today, and one does not let the rumors of an approaching war interfere with birthday celebrations, even in fourteenth century Calais. And a gay party indeed was this one which Charles de Chatillon, mayor of Calais, had prepared for his son. There had been songs by Merilon, the Gascon bard, and the children tried the new game of Blind Man's Buff which had just been introduced in Paris that same year. And now, pride of the whole occasion, the new Viennese cook had prepared a huge firkin of butter ice.

Louis and his friends had stood by in awe while the cook prepared this rare treat. They had watched him pour a custard that tasted delicious into a can with revolving paddles, and then packed the can in alternate layers of ice from the storehouse and salt-petre brought all the way from Naples. And the boys had taken turns at propelling the paddles, and as frequently as possible opening the can and looking inside. Taking occasional tastes, too, and wishing that the frozen custard would hurry.

And now it was finished at last! Alphonse had dished it out in heaping plate-fuls, and the boys were standing about, each reaching for the biggest dish. It was this scene of birthday happiness which Jacques, the page, interrupted; but the boys were so intent on the feast that they did not see him until he bent over Louis and panted a hurried message into his master's ear.

"The English soldiers . . . they have arrived outside the gates of Calais. You can see King Edward with his big white plume and his shining armor standing just outside bow range and surveying the walls."

* * *

"HERE'S fun," Louis called, clapping his hands to attract attention. "Listen. Jacques says that the English have arrived. Let's go to the walls and watch them."

"And leave this delicious butter-ice?" Francis complained, peeking down into the firkin to see if any more remained. "What's interesting about a lot of soldiers?"

"But there will be a battle, maybe, and we can watch . . . maybe help," Arius spoke up eagerly. "Let's go. Race you to the wall."

"Bah, I'm going to stay here. My father sails to England once every month, and I've been with him a lot of times. Those English aren't anything except a lot of crude peasants, sheep-herders. It would be more fun to watch the knights joust in the big tournament this afternoon."

"My father says the tournament will be postponed if the English arrive . . and they are here, Jacques says. Anyway, I want to see those wonderful long-bows I've heard so much about ever since the battle of Crecy. Old Henri, who should know, says that these new bows will shoot a hundred paces, and pin an armored man's thigh to his horse at that distance." Louis said, pushing his plate aside and reaching for his feathered hat. "I'm going."

"Bows like that are impossible," Francis growled, but he, too, accompanied the laughing boys toward the narrow streets of Calais.

From a distance the boys could hear the shouts of men on the walls, and the fainter echoes of other voices, the harsh sounds of English yells. Louis led them toward the sounds. As they approached, the boys could see men in armor guarding the walls, and occasionally a bowman who would raise his head quickly and shoot an arrow. Pikemen were gathered about the gate, ready to throw back any attempt at forcing them. Men on horseback raced back and forth, shouting directions or stopping to deliver messages.

* * *

IT was a hustle and bustle all too familiar to the town, for Calais had been forced to defend its walls on many other occasions. The Vikings from the north still made occasional raids, while from nearby Flanders came many roving bands of pirate lordlings always eager to raid and plunder Calais's shipping.

And now this greatest of all raids threatened, for King Edward III of England claimed to be the rightful heir to the throne of France, and when Philip was crowned instead, Edward had invaded northern France. Only a few months ago he had swept through unprotected Normandy, had defeated the king of France in the great battle of Crecy, and was now in front of Calais!

In the days which followed Louis came often to the walls, and watched King Edward's men complete their circling of the town. At first there had been a desperate charge on the part of the English; but Calais had faced such charges before, and King Edward and his men were thrown back with many losses. And now he had settled down to a starvation siege, a siege that would be all too successful if aid did not come soon. Hunger was a mightier army than any the English might bring to Calais's shore!

* * *

HUNGER! In the homes of the rich, provisions had been stored for just such an emergency; but already the people of the poorer districts were on strict rations. And they were growing restless, sending delegations to Louis' father demanding that he force the rich to share their food, or that he make peace with the English.

Just such a delegation as were now inside arguing with his father, Louis knew. And as they filed slowly out, Louis knew that once more his father had resisted their demands. He slipped inside the big audience room, and saw his father leaning over the table, his head in his hands, while he studied a huge stack of papers in front of him. Plans for Calais defence, orders for another shortening of the rations, letters to the knights of the town demanding more of their freedmen for the town's defence.

"Isn't there anything we can do, father?" Louis asked. "There are more people in Calais than in the English camp. Let's storm them, drive them away."

"No son . . . it would be a needless sacrifice of life. Have you already forgotten Crecy? Remember the long bows. They could cut down our men before we could approach near enough to use our pikes or swords. And in the whole city there is not a hundred head of cavalry and armored knights."

"But if we don't do something soon,

(Please turn to Page 11.)

DEAR CHUMS,—

Last week I told you about our new three-part contest in which everyone can win a prize. For those who may be reading the Page for the first time this week or who may by some accident have missed seeing it last week, we repeat the details of the contest. Some Chums have been with us quite a while and have earned one or perhaps two awards in previous contests and for them we are offering our third really fine premium—a blue and white pin, to be awarded for a continued high standing in letter-writing. This pin will not be given to the writer of one brilliant letter, but only to those who have been willing to write and keep on writing and try to improve their standard each time.

So if you are a chum of long standing and have won both a Northern Messenger Pencil and a Maple Leaf Badge, your next step is to try for your Blue Pin. In order to do this you must get a high ranking in at least one of the three subjects of our new contest. That really means that you have three chances to get a Blue Pin. If you fail in the first attempt, try the second. And if you by any chance miss out on that you can still try the third.

Now for the newcomers. We always welcome new recruits and in arranging this contest we have thought specially of them. The Blue Pin is only awarded to Chums who have already won their Messenger Pencil for all-round good writing and their Maple Leaf Badge for letters on national service. So that is why we have made our new contest in three parts. You may win your Messenger Pencil by qualifying in the first part of the contest. If you do well, in the second part you may win you Maple Leaf Badge. Then there will still be the third trial, for which the Blue Pin will be awarded.

The first subject, *"Why is My Country at War?"* has been discussed in the Messenger and in many radio addresses and sermons. It is a question which every Canadian should be able to answer very clearly. Think it over well and then send your answer to— AUNT RUTH, c|o THE NORTHERN MESSENGER, P.O. BOX 3070, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL, QUE. I hope you will all write and get your friends to write too.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—May I join your interesting page? I was going to write a few months ago, but never had the time. We have been getting the Northern Messenger for some time now and enjoy it very much.

There are 8 children in our family. The oldest is 18 and the youngest 2. My father's work is a section foreman on the C.P.R.

We have 2 miles to walk to school. There are only 3 families that keep the school going. There will be ten children going this year.

My hobbies are reading and swimming. We have one mile to walk to go swimming in the river.

Do any of the Chums memorize verses from the Bible? My brother John knows over 200 and I only know over 50. I think I had better tell you more about myself. I am 16 years old, five feet five inches tall. I have blond hair and blue eyes. My birthday is on August 4. On my birthday I got a dress and shoes, comb and purse and a dresser set. I was born in Yugoslavia. I was 4 years old when I came to Canada. I am a Christian.

Well, I must close now as my letter is too long and I must leave room for more chums. I hope this letter finds Aunt Ruth in the best of health, and all the chums too.

God bless and keep you all. Your new Chum,—Katie Mahovlich, B.C.

P.S.—I would like to have a twin from Kelowna, B.C.; all other Chums welcomed.—K. M.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I haven't had much time to write to the Chums' page as I have been away for four weeks to my grandfather's farm helping to make hay. On the farm they have hens, chickens, cows, calves, horses, pigs, a dog, cats, and kittens.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

KATIE MAHOVLICH

Honorable Mention

LAWRENCE W. HIRD

* *

Not Seeming, But Being

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose:
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The thing nearby, not that afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

—*The Motor.*

I had a very nice time there. I almost always helped milk the cows and harness the horses.

I was very glad to see my letter in the Messenger and also to see my name as the week's star correspondent. I would like Aunt Ruth to explain to me what the week's Star Correspondnent means.

Well, I think that is all for this time. Still looking for a pen-pal. Yours truly, —Ronald Lewis, N.B..

Ans.—Every week the editors select what seems to them the most interesting and well-written letter on the Chums' Page, and the writer of that letter is named as Star Correspondent. The next best writer receives Honorable Mention. Once a month a prize winner is chosen from among the Star Corrspondents of that month and he or she receives a Northern Messenger Pencil for all-round good writing. I hope you like the system.—A.R.

TO EDNA MCINTOSH FROM LAWRENCE W. HIRD

Dear Edna,—I read your letter in the Northern Messenger so I decided to write to you. This is also my first letter. My birthday is July 8th and I am 12, the same as you. I have brown hair and blue eyes. And I am 52 3-4 inches tall.

I go to school and am in Grade VII. I passed my 6th with 95 per cent.

I have a dog for a pet and his name is Sunshine.

I saw the King and Queen in Ottawa, Ont. I live 29 miles from Ottawa.

My favorite sports are skiing, skating, hockey, tennis and paddling. I also read books, but not very often.

Well, I will close now to leave room for the other Chums. Your new Chum, —Lawrence W. Hird, Que.

HERO OF CALAIS

(Continued from Page 9.)

the people will rebel and make their own peace with Edward."

"They threaten that already," Charles Chatillon sighed. "The audience today . . they yielded to my plans; but another will be harder to convince. Especially when they see these."

He pointed to the stack of orders which he had signed and sanded as he talked.

"Would not King Philip help us, if he knew how sorely we were pressed?"

"Philip? He is far away, perhaps in Paris. Already the English king has defeated him, and now he has retreated to make new plans, to summon new men for his army. But France . . . Louis, the mighty lords of France want not to fight, and they care not whether Philip or Edward rules them. They will not send men, or even supplies."

"Then we are lost?"

"Who knows? God helps those who fight a good fight, son. And perhaps Philip will collect an army in time, and rescue us. The longer we hold out, the more chance we have of finding aid. But perhaps Philip doesn't even know how badly we need help."

* * *

THEN why not let him know?"

"How would we send the message, son?"

"By courier. A man might make the trip to Paris in two days, if he were lucky in securing good post horses."

"If he could slip through Edward's army! But he rings us in, and not even a mouse could slip through his sentries."

Abruptly Charles dismissed his son and turned back to the papers before him. Louis left the room, his heart heavy. Automatically he turned toward the walls and watched the men who paraded back and forth behind them, constantly on guard.

From behind a bastion Louis studied the English camp down below them. It would be difficult for anyone to slip through it, he decided. Calais lay in a little valley, with high hills behind it, and Edward held the narrow passes through these hills. A man could climb over them, of course; but then he would run into the close network of sentries who patrolled every inch of their tops. And if he tried to make the attempt at night, the huge fires which the English lighted would show him even as plainly as did the noon-day sun.

But there must be a way. Some hole. If only he could find it. Perhaps there was! What about the muddy little stream which flowed from the hills through Calais and into the sea? Would it prove the path along which a mouse might creep, if the night were dark enough? He studied it carefully, then slowly nodded his head. It could be done!

It would be dangerous, true. If the sentries saw a floating body in the creek, they would make it the target for a hundred arrows. But a brave man would take that chance for Calais.

* * *

BUT who? Would his father dare order one of his citizens to make such an attempt? Were there any in Calais who could dive beneath the copper spikes which guarded the stream's entrance to the city, and swim against its strong current? Perhaps an active boy. . . . He could do it, but . . . why not? He could swim better than almost anyone in Calais. He could ride, too; and there would be many miles of riding ere he reached Paris.

With a confident little smile on his youthful face Louis hurried back to his room, and for a long time sat poring over a letter which he was trying to write. Finally he tossed the quill aside, sanded the paper, and read it through.

"Beloved father, someone must go to the king. I believe I have found a way. If I am successful, I shall be back in Calais within a week. If not, pray for

LOUIS

He heated a bit of wax and let a single drop fall on the paper, then pressed his ring into it. Leaving the note on his pillow, he searched for his page. Knowing Jacques, he looked first in the kitchen. He found him there, begging the cook for a bit of black bread, and Louis took him by the ear and marched the boy back to his room.

* * *

"MY leather jerkin and breeches," he ordered, knowing that their brown color would be hard to see in the creek's muddy water. Dressed in them at last, he led the page down the hall and toward the water-gate.

"Listen carefully," he ordered as they hurried along. "I go on a mission, and need your help."

"Yes, master," Jacques nodded, munching on the bread he had managed to pilfer as they passed through the kitchen.

"I shall swim beneath the spikes of the water-gate, and through the English camp. You must raise them high enough for me to go beneath, then as soon as I am through you must drop them again so the English will not be able to enter the city by that way. I shall be gone six days. Be back here on the sixth night, and open the gate again for me. Do this, as you love me."

"No, master," Jacques suddenly realized the significance of Louis' words. "What will our master say?"

(To Be Continued.)

The People of Britain

So small an island in a troubled sea,
White-cliffed and river-wound to set the mark,
Against your homes what thrice-armed foes embark
In searing hate to strike for mastery!
To strike and fail for all the world to see,
To be thrice-broken in the purpose dark,
While wondering men behold the shattered arc
Come full again to human liberty.

Stout British hearts, superbly brave and staunch,
Wind-weathered and sea-weathered to this day,
What weapons can loathed tyranny relaunch
To turn a people from their valorous way?
Who freedom guard need ne'er despairing yield
For freedom's Lord has forged their sword and shield.

—*Clare Shipman in 'Montreal Gazette'.*

Do You Know Dick Whittington?

ONE of the most popular romances is the story of Dick Whittington, the poor orphan boy who, hearing that the streets of London were paved with gold, journeyed to the Metropolis and gained employment as a scullion in a rich merchant's household. Badly treated by the cook, he ran away; but, while resting at Holloway, he heard the Bow Bells inviting him to return: "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." So runs the story.

As a matter of fact the real Whittington was not poor. He was a trader and flourished exceedingly, and was appointed by the King Lord Mayor of London in 1397. That office he filled again in 1398, in 1406, and yet again in 1419. He was a very charitable soul, and gave liberally of his bounty to good causes.

It has been suggested that the word, "achat"—which in French means "a purchase," while *chat* means, of course, a "cat"—was used for trading at that time. (We still have the word "caterer.") Hence the legend of the cat.

Whittington died in 1423, aged about 63. His epitaph, destroyed in the Fire of London, ran as follows—

"Beneath this stone lies Whittington,
Sir Richard rightly named,
Who three times Lord Mayor served in London,
In which he ne'er was blamed.
He rose from indigence to wealth
By industry and that,
For lo! he scorned to gain by stealth
What he got by a cat."

—Methodist Recorder.

THE RUNAWAYS

By Montgomery Mulford

For the Messenger

GAGA GOOSE AND YOUNG CURLY TAIL,
THE PIG WHOSE GRUNT WAS LIKE A WAIL,
DECIDED THAT THEY WOULD ONE DAY
BOTH LEAVE THEIR HOMES AND RUN AWAY!

"WHERE would we go if we ran away?" asked Curly-Tail the pig.

"Let's find out," said Gaga Goose to his friend. "I for one am tired of the farmyard and would like to see something of the world."

And so the two friends, the little goose and the little pig, went out of the farmyard and down the road for a long, long distance. Gaga led the way and Curly-Tail the pig came panting after his friend the goose.

"It seems nice to get away from the farm yard," squeaked Curly Tail; "I wonder where this road goes to?"

"To the other end," sang a bird and flew on. Gaga saw a woods not far ahead and said: "We will go into the woods, Curly-Tail; there ought to be many friends of ours there."

Just then the sun began to go down, which meant that it would soon be dark; but Gaga and Curly Tail the pig did not notice this at all. On they walked until they came to the edge of the woods, into which they went. Trees were on all sides of them; great, tall, giant trees. Buttercups and dandelions and other flowers grew all about. "Isn't it pretty!" exclaimed Gaga Goose. "I knew we would like it when we got here. But come," Gaga said, "let us go deeper into the woods and see what is there."

* * *

"LOOK!" Curly Tail cried suddenly, "it is getting dark and we have gone far enough!"

"Too-o-oo far!" sang an owl close by.

"I am not afraid," Gaga said, "and I want to find out what is in the woods." For Gaga was a curious goose, you see.

But even if Gaga was not afraid, Curly-Tail was, and so he decided to turn around and start back for home once more. After all the farm yard was safer than this woods.

"No—do not go yet," Gaga said. "I know the way home and I'll get you back safely."

"Buzz, buzz!" came a singing voice and they looked up to see a queen bee. The queen bee was very angry, for Gaga and Curly-Tail had come right into her country. Queen Bee thought that they had come to steal her honey.

"Run!" the little pig squealed in fright and turned about to scamper away. As the queen bee flew down at Gaga, the goose also turned about and ran after Curly-Tail just as fast as he knew how!

They ran and ran and ran until they had left the woods far behind them. But they still had a long way to go, and the road was quite long. By now it had grown very dark and the two little ones could scarcely see very far ahead of them.

* *

IT was so dark that Gaga and the little pig were quite upset now, and knew that they never should have gone away from the farmyard, their home, at all.

"You took me too far into the woods," wailed Curly-Tail.

"But you it was," said Gaga, "who asked me where we would go if we went away!"

Neither of them said anything more after that but hurried as quickly as possible, until they came in sight of the farmyard. Then, with a squeal and a honk-honk, Gaga and Curly-Tail the pig ran into the yard and to their own houses.

"Home is the best place after all," Curly-Tail agreed the next morning. "And no matter how curious you are, Gaga, you will find it always safer at home."

Gaga had to agree to that and promised not to lead Curly-Tail so far away ever again.

"GROWING"

By a Ten-Year-Old

Here is a question you will know.
What things do grow?
Animals, children, grown-ups, too,
All do grow the same as you.
Everything grows under this sun,
You cannot stop them. No, not one.
Things that you don't count at all
Grow the same as you and all.

—*Through the Garden Gate.*

Pat watched the professor staring up at the sky through the long, shiny black telescope.

Presently a star fell.

"Shure, and the man's a grand shot," said Pat.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. "The Art of Living Well." "Doing on Duty."
2. A wise old man speaking to young people.
3. "Get wisdom, get understanding."
4. Wisdom. Understanding.
5. Doing right gives freedom.
6. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."
7. Prov. 4:18.
8. Prov. 4:23.

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Published Weekly

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Keep your WITS WORKING

MISSING WORDS AND AUTHORS

1. Nought shall make us rue
   If - - - - - - - to itself do rest but true.
2. Let us have faith that - - - - - makes - - - -
3. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
   Where - - - - - - accumulates and men - - - - -
4. Stood for his country's glory fast,
   And - - - - - - her - - - - - - - to the - - - -

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in sorry. It's not in glad.
My 2nd's in cheery. It's not in sad.
My 3rd's in honey. It's not in milk.
My 4th's in cotton. It's not in silk.
My 5th's in school. It's not in play.
My 6th's in purple. It's not in grey.
My 7th's in wide. It's not in long.
My 8th's in able. It's not in strong.
My 9th's in eyes. It's not in nose.
My 10th's in stocking. It's also in hose.
My 11th's in cake. It's not in pie.
My 12th's in scarf. It's not in tie.
My 13th's in paper. It's not in ink.
My 14th's in chain. It's not in link.
My 15th's in yell. It's not in call.
My 16th's in short. It's not in tall.
My 17th's in shave. It's not in cut.
My 18th's in apple. It's not in nut.
My 19th's in great. It's also in large.
My 20th's in boat. It's also in barge.
My 21st's in fish. It's not in fowl.
My 22nd's in grunt. It's not in growl.
The - - - - is - - - - - - - -. Now don't you hear?
We start our - - - - - - for another year.

WHAT IS IT?

Which of these is the correct description of the given word?

1. Afreet—
   (a) A country in Africa.
   (b) A native of Africa.
   (c) A Nile boat.
   (d) A fabulous giant.
   (e) A South American bird.
2. Collop—
   (a) A fat man.
   (b) Faster than a trot.
   (c) A slice of meat
   (d) A steam organ.
   (e) A constellation.
3. Aerograph—
   (a) Instrument for testing height of air planes.
   (b) Apparatus for skywriting.
   (c) Photo taken from air plane.
   (d) Instrument for testing the air.
   (e) Rifle used in air fighting.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Riddles Contributed by Chums—1. Smiles. It has a mile between the first and last letters. 2. Auto springs. 3. A table. 4. The Bluebell.

Who is He?—Albert—Treble.

Jumbled Subjects—History, Botany, Geography, Latin, English, German.

Gasps and Giggles

THOSE FEATHERS

When certain soldiers from the Antipodes were in England, a woman was heard to say to another:

"There goes one of them Australians."

"How do you know?"

"You can tell by the kangaroo feathers in his hat."

Jack: You are a lucky man, Father.

Father: How so, my boy?

Jack: Why, you won't have to buy any school books for me next year. I'm to stay in the same form.

A little boy, just returning home from his first day at school, was asked how he liked to go to school. He replied: "I like to go and I like to come, but it's the staying I don't like."

During recent military operations in the Far East one side captured the other's general. An envoy was sent to negotiate his exchange.

"We will give you four colonels for him," said the officer.

The offer was declined.

"Eight majors?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"We have given the matter most careful consideration, and the least we can accept is two dozen tins of condensed milk."

The old man was drinking some medicine when a visitor looked in.

"What is that medicine?" he was asked.

"Oh, it's an old family recipe for rheumatism," he replied.

"Is that so?" queried the visitor, eagerly. "I suffer with rheumatism. Does the medicine do you good?"

"I should say so; why, I've taken none but this for the last forty years."

QUEER ACCIDENTS UNDER THE SEA

"I'LL try to give you some unusual instances of interruptions of cables and say how the local men on the spot have dealt with them," said H. E. Gott, who has had many years' experience of organizing cable laying. "In one instance a ship sank on the top of a cable—actually on top. Then there was a time when a whale was found strangled by a cable, which, incidentally, did no good to the cable, and certainly did no good to the whale.

"On another occasion sharks' teeth were found embedded in the cable; the shark most probably mistaking the cable for a conger eel for his supper; and a cable in the Singapore area was interrupted, and when hauled to the surface an out-size in turtles was found tied up by it!

"Nature herself often causes interruptions; for instance, a few years ago there was a large submarine earthquake in the bed of the North Atlantic, which completely severed all direct cable communications between Europe and North America; unhappily this occurred during the winter. Storms and rough weather hampered the repairs considerably, and the engineers and crew were literally covered with ice; however, the companion service of the cables, namely wireless, ably bore the extra heavy load of traffic.

"On the other hand, I remember seeing a ship working on a repair in the Red Sea when her crew, although stripped to the waist, were perspiring from every pore. That's the sort of extreme our engineers have to contend with.

"During the last War, an enemy cruiser arrived off Fanning Island and cut the main cable connecting Canada with Australasia, and steamed away very proud, no doubt, of her work in interrupting the communication between two large Dominions of the British Empire. However, the interruption didn't last very long, for on this small coral island were a few Englishmen who had something of the spirit of Drake; they scrounged round, collected a few barrels, nailed planks of wood across them, and, with the help of a few local natives, rowed the raft to the spot where the cable had been cut, fished for it, and raised the two ends to the surface, but found that they couldn't pull the ends together to effect a join, so one of them returned to the shore, found a piece of old wire which enabled them to bridge the gap and restore communication.—*The Listener* (Organ of the B.B.C.)

Success often travels with a closed mouth but never with a closed mind.

ASPARAGUS-POACHED EGGS

Put freshly cooked or canned asparagus on a heat-resisting platter. Cover the tips with grated cheese and a few drops lemon juice. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, dot with butter and bake in a hot oven until the cheese begins to melt. Top with poached eggs and serve immediately.

HAM ROLLS

Peel and chop one-fourth pound of mushrooms fine and saute in one tablespoon melted butter for ten minutes. Beat four egg yolks with one tablespoon milk, season with one-half teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon pepper, and mix with the mushrooms. Spread on four thin slices of uncooked ham, roll up and fasten the edges with toothpicks. Grill, turning several times, until the ham is thoroughly cooked and lightly browned. Remove the toothpicks and place on a hot serving dish. Garnish with parsley.

CORNED BEEF AND NOODLES

Add cooked, drained noodles to a rich white sauce to which enough prepared mustard and grated cheese have been added to give a good flavor. Cut hot corned beef in very thin slices. Spread half with the noodles and top with other thin slices of corned beef, sandwich fashion. Serve on a plate with a garnish of watercress and radishes. Crisp buttered rolls, coffee and a fruit dessert complete the menu.

PORK PIE

Saute one cup diced onion in one tablespoon shortening. Add one pound lean pork, diced, and sear on all sides. Sprinkle with three tablespoons flour, add two cups hot water or meat broth, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, two tart apples, diced, and salt to taste. Simmer for forty minutes. Pour into a baking dish and cover with a rich biscuit crust. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven and serve at once.

CASUAL PARENTS

LOUISE PRICE BELL

FOR a long time, schools have been doing a meritorious job in teaching children the lessons of *safety*—especially with regard to crossing busy streets. But why should the schools take the entire responsibility for this kind of education? Why should so many parents do nothing to train even their preschool children along these lines?

The job of being a parent is an important twenty-four-hour-day occupation, and since a child's life is endangered so long as he is not protected by an understanding of safety precautions, parents should do more than most of them are doing to start their child in the right direction. Most parents make sure that their children eat properly, sleep the required number of hours and attend regularly to such matters as brushing their teeth. And yet, of what avail is all of this important routine if these same children—untrained as to street-crossing—dash in front of speeding cars?

It is a simple matter to teach children safety rules. In fact they really don't have to be taught, in a formal way, if, from the very first, their parents observe the rules themselves and make a point of seeing that their children are conscious of this.

The young mother, strolling with her toddler, can make a point of stopping on the corner, looking both ways, and listening for the onrush of a heavy truck or—nonetheless to be heeded—the quieter approach of a passenger car. She can tell her little child to do the same, and he will feel important doing as Mother does. She can ask him to peep from behind a parked car and tell her if it is safe for them to cross—thus giving him a responsibility that is important to his future.

Later, when a group of children are playing in the home play yard, the wise mother will sometimes suggest a *Safety, Game,* in which each of the youngsters have a part. After playing it in the improvised streets, it will take very little of this same mother's time to go with the group to a nearby intersection of the thoroughfare, and play the game there. If possible, she should see that one child is wearing roller-skates, one has a bicycle and another a scooter. The children will know that, at the crossing, they must remove skates and refrain from riding bicycle or scooter until they are on the other side—but how few we see doing this!

Why is it that intelligent parents, who pay a great deal of attention to other phases of child guidance, seem to treat this phase so lightly? Yet there is nothing more important to their offspring's physical well-being. It might be well to have a Safety Check-up Day for parents. The purpose would be to make them realize how little most of them are doing to start their children in school with a fundamental knowledge of safety rules, and how much they are leaving to these same overburdened schools!

Today

This little strip of light
'Twixt night and night,
Let me keep bright,
Today!

And let no fumes of yesterday
Nor shadows of tomorrow
Bedim with sorrow
Today!

I take this gift of heaven
As simply as 'tis given;
And if tomorrow shall be sad
Or never comes at all,
I've had
At least—Today. —*Sel.*

Golden Duties

AS he sat by the fire in the back room, Grandfather Kettleborough had a habit of repeating to himself snatches of hymns and simple poems that returned from the happy fields of childhood to refresh his spirit.

One evening, following the sermon by young Mr. Thorn on the washing of the disciples' feet, grandfather was heard repeating George Herbert's quaint lines:

"Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine."

"What's that you are saying, grandpa?" asked his daughter, opening the door.

"Just saying grace," the old man answered.

"Grace?"

"Yes, grace before duty—For what I'm about to do, Lord, make me truly thankful for Jesus' sake, Amen."

His daughter smiled and went to kiss his brow: "That's a funny grace," she

The old man looked into her face: "Why have only a grace before meat, my dear, and not before writing a letter or hammering nails? If you did, when you opened your eyes you'd find the hammer-head all golden like—and the pen-nib, too."

Hustle Up!

Don't be waiting till the sorrow
All has passed away;
Don't be waiting till tomorrow,
Smile a bit today.
When the clouds all dull and dreary
Hang about the earth,
That is when a greeting cheery
Counts for what it's worth.

—*Ernest Gilmore.*

Northern Messenger

September 13, 1940.

FLASHLIGHTS ON THE NEWS

Readers and Editors Facing Together the Torrent of World Events - - and Finding the Next Step Forward

"LIKE GUARDSMEN ON PARADE"

ONE of the greatest stories in British annals is that of the troopship Birkenhead, about eighty years ago, wrecked off the coast of Africa, of how the bugles sounded and the drums beat and the soldiers "fell in" on the decks with their officers at their head as calmly as if on parade while the ship was sinking under them.

Something like 'the Birkenhead' has occurred in our own day, only in this instance the disciplined ranks were formed by children and, unlike the Birkenhead, the boats were all intact and there was only one life lost, that of the purser who fell into the sea between the ship and a boat. Perhaps he was heroically burdened with the ship's records and cash.

* * *

THOSE lifeboat drills which the passengers, young and old, had practised three or four times each day proved the salvation of many lives when the crash came. Discipline that is learned under command will go far to make people fearless. It prevents confusion of purpose and method.

But it takes *self discipline* to make people morally courageous—as these youngsters and the older passengers and the officers and crew undoubtedly were. Very likely many of the boys and girls had been trained in Scouts, Girl Guides, Boys' Brigades and the like. These would tend to stiffen the morale of the crowd.

Herr Hitler and other dictators boast that they have taught their people discipline. They have taught it through tyranny, through fear, mixed up with the appeal of theatrical display and noisy boasting that Germans are supermen and must win and dominate all other nations and races.

We doubt if any shipload of young Nazis or Fascisti would have stood the test as well as these British boys and girls who stood, as it was said, "like guardsmen on parade", and who when afloat in the ship's boats sang jolly songs in the face of thick darkness, chilling winds and waves. We hope these young adventurers will yet come to Canada. They will make good citizens.

A BOY BURGLAR'S CHANCE

A BOY of 17 on August 29 was sentenced for burglary to ten years in a reformatory by a Decatur, Indiana, judge. But the judge suspended the sentence on condition that the boy attend Sunday school and church services for one year.

One year of Christian teaching and environment would do more for the boy than ten years in a "Reformatory" according to the opinion of Judge Fruchte. But an hour's honest facing of himself in the presence of Christ and a surrender to Him could change the boy's whole career.

CANADA'S DEBT TO FREEDOM

PREMIER KING made a great speech on the eve of Labor Day, on the anniversary of Britain's declaration of war. He spoke to a Canadian audience whose destinies are bound up with those of Britain and to whom a year of war has brought a new keenness and, to many, a new mode of life.

Surely every Canadian has had his sense of citizenship deepened in the past year. Whenever we are reminded to compare our state with the state of certain European nations we find great cause for gratitude, for the contrast is all in our favor.

Mr. King stressed this cause for gratitude. "We can be glad this day for the protection which geography has given us," and that the generation of today inherits "free political institutions, assured and safeguarded by historical association and geographical position."

For youth, reading this speech, this statement is important. We have free political institutions because the men who were our ancestors believed in freedom and to their glory and for our sakes and for God's sake paid the price of freedom.

We have a measure of decency and honor in our country greater than that in the dictatorships because the "men who mattered" in our history have been decent men.

Had they had no better sense of right and wrong than Hitler, Canadian youth today would be in the same mess that German youth is in. We have escaped that mess because our forefathers started things right. On sure foundations laid by them we carry on! We again today must pay the price of freedom that we and generations yet to be may breathe its breath.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S MESSAGE

A WARNING that unless "Christians everywhere live and act in accordance with the principles of righteousness and justice, war will continue in the future, even when peace comes within the grasp of the world," was voiced in a "message of fellowship" sent by Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

The message, taken to the Council of Bishops by Bishop Ralph A. Ward, of Chengtu, was read by a Chinese delegate, who asked that he remain nameless because of the danger of Japanese reprisals when he returned to China.

"The underlying causes of the hostilities which are bringing bloodshed and devastation to both our country and Europe are similar," said the message. "They spring from the same selfishness and avarice of men whose motives in life do not take into consideration, and are not influenced by, the teachings of Christ."—Ex.

Children's Escape from Torpedoed Ship Told by Boy Who Was On It

WHEN our ship was battling away one of the sailors told us we might see a German submarine soon, but I thought he was joking, because he liked to pull our legs and told us he once saw a sea serpent.

The sailor was right, for we did meet a submarine—only we didn't see it because it was dark and in any case we were asleep. (Thus began the story of the torpedoing of the British guest children's ship and their rescue, told to the British United Press by one of those saved, Peter Kirk, 12, of Glasgow.)

I didn't hear the noise of the explosion when the torpedo struck the ship. Some of the boys said they heard it but I don't think so. Perhaps a steward dropped a tray outside their door.

The alarm bells went off about 11 o'clock, I was told, and a steward entered our cabin. He shook me. I thought it was breakfast time.

"Get on your life belt and go to your boat," he ordered.

I thought it was one of those surprise drills which we had earlier in the day. We had four drills the first day at sea, some surprise drills, to make sure we knew what to do in case of trouble.

But the steward said we had been torpedoed. Say, that was exciting.

We got our life belts on in a jiffy. I put my overcoat over my pyjamas. I was quite warm.

Queer Odor

WE joined the rest in the corridor. There was a lot of smoke and a funny smell—cordite, I was told.

Led by our escort, we walked the gangways to our boat station. It was very dark and we couldn't see anything in the water, but we heard the noise of a ship coming up. I think it was a warship.

There was a lot of running about on the decks but no great excitement. It was just like a boat drill.

I thought I might see where the torpedo struck, but there was nothing doing. It seemed pretty tame. Then I heard someone shouting orders and some lifeboats were lowered. Then I knew we were in for something. Things began to get exciting.

After a few lifeboats were lowered, we had to stand by. A sailor then said we might not have to go as the ship might keep afloat. I was kind of disappointed we were not going as I always longed to slide down to the water in a lifeboat. At the same time I was wishing I was back in my warm bunk.

In Lifeboat

THE ship started to lift on our side and we were ordered to a boat on the other side. Another order came to lower lifeboats, and before I could say "knife" there I was sliding down to the water in a boat packed with other kids, girls and all.

It wasn't much of a thrill. We went down slowly. Then someone started to sing. Kids still on the ship took it up.

When we landed on the water it was not quite so good. The sea was a bit rough, and soon the kids began to feel squeamish with the rolling. I felt a bit squeamish myself, but kept singing to keep my spirits up.

We passed alongside our ship and a sailor flashed a torch on the hole made by the torpedo. We saw a great big jagged hole and the sea rushing in. No wonder the ship had a list. I thought she couldn't keep afloat long with all that water pouring through.

Sad Sight

It was sad to see that awful hole—a great big liner like that wrecked by a small thing like a torpedo. We had so many happy times the short time we were aboard that the thought nearly made me cry. However, it was no time to get upset with the lifeboat rocking and some of the kids terribly seasick. The rest of us kept singing to cheer them up and drown the noise of them being sick.

Suddenly we saw a flashlight and soon were alongside a rescue ship. It towered so high above our little boat I wondered how we were going to get aboard, but it was quite easy after all. A rope ladder was slung over the side and bigger boys like myself climbed up with a sailor to lend a hand. The small kids were tied in a sort of sling and hoisted aboard—just like little piggies, only they did not squeal.

The sailors were very good to us and gave us their bunks. I slept like a log until morning. Although I'm glad I'm going to see my mother, I'm sorry I couldn't go to Canada. But they told us we would have another chance, and I'm going. Hitler can go chase himself!

"Introduce Me"

IF you know of any Sunday School not distributing the Northern Messenger, its officers or teachers would be greatly interested in learning of our very special introductory **on trial offer** of 13 weeks for 9cts per copy in packages of five or more.

If the school already has a paper it (or even some class) may want to add one which at so small a cost gives such a large and lively service and which seeks to give its readers an insight into one or two of the big events of the day each week. This is a very valuable service, in which the Northern Messenger is a pioneer!

(Montreal readers please note that for delivery in the city of publication special arrangement must be made.)

Driving at Night

NINETEEN THOUSAND, two hundred persons were killed at night in motor vehicle accidents in the United States during 1938 and a proportionate number in Canada where the total number of such accidents was 1,545.

In United States, although less than one-third of the total daily traffic was on the highways at night, two-thirds of all fatal traffic accidents occurred during the hours of dusk and darkness.

The Committee on Night Traffic Hazards (1939) says that lowered visibility constitutes the major difference in the hazards of night and day driving.

This condition may be eliminated to some degree by observation of certain requirements: Motorists should keep their headlights in good condition with the lens clean on both sides, the bulb not blackened, and the reflector shining; the electrical connections in proper condition so as to ensure adequate voltage at the lamps; if the head lamps are aimed and focussed correctly; that is, if the upper beam is used when there are no approaching drivers and the lower beam is always used when approaching other drivers and when driving on lighted highways and lighted city streets.

The average headlamp on the road is producing less than half its possible light because of tarnished reflectors, dirty lenses and blackened bulbs.

We can all of us make our lives sublime by seizing on occasions and making them great.—Orison Swett Marden.